

"Who in he?"

"Name's Webb; first-class steward on the Celtic. Damn 'im!"

"Look this fool up (til morning) said Hangerly. "I'll find out who he's been robbed of."

"Irish subject!" roared James.

"Not 'nigh. Take 'im away. Think I saw 'em fellow running away came by. Yelled at 'em, but he couldn't hear. Take 'im away. Something fishy about this. I'll call on a friend Webb in the morning. The might be something in this."

And Hangerly paid his bill promptly; only, Thomas saw him first. The morning sun lighted up the ruins